



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

should like too to dispute the good taste of such descriptions as that of the citizens of Kansas City on pp. 174-5, the overplump countrywoman on p. 464, the American girls and youths on p. 493, and the English widow on p. 330. They do not add to the vitality of the book in any way, and they detract from our confidence in the author's good taste. There is one little coincidence worthy of note: in writing of his stay in Tokio Mr. Collier happens to tell of a Japanese nobleman who exclaimed to him, "What a fine thing if you had in your country a descendant of George Washington!" It just happens that right there in Tokio lives a direct descendant of George Washington's brother Lawrence, St. George Tucker, president of St. Paul's College, a great linguist, a wise and learned man, highly respected and very influential, practising many of the great qualities, renunciation, restraint, disinterested love of humanity and liberty of our country's father and his ancestor's brother. It would have been a good deed to have introduced this particular Japanese nobleman to Mr. St. George Tucker.

One's admiration for this book will necessarily depend upon one's agreement with Mr. Collier's point of view, for he has no gentle persuasions to waste on his opponents. If one can believe with Mr. Collier that carelessness with money is a worse crime than carelessness of humanity and human happiness, that the strong and successful man is justified in taking all he can get and holding it, that the political and personal liberty of women would result in "a vocal and physical protest such as no mutiny even can parallel," that might is right, and material gains success, that Christ and Christianity are "ethical luxuries," then the book will make a strong appeal.

It is said that the measure of the vitality of a book is the amount of contradiction it provokes. If this be so, Mr. Collier's book is keenly alive, for we should like to challenge him at every page and talk back.

AN OBERLAND CHALET. By EDITH ELMER WOOD. New York: Wessells Bissell Co., 1910.

The spirit of a writer does so betray itself in a book that one wonders sometimes how an evil or a greedy or an irascible person dare proclaim himself aloud to the world in a book. The interesting part of *An Oberland Chalet* is that Mrs. Wood must be such a jolly person to know—honest, sincere, buoyant, observant, fond of adventure. One enjoys her book as one would enjoy her society. She would need only to send a telegram and a proposal to one to go anywhere, for him to pack up a satchel and be ready. There would be no question of the delight of the companionship. This is the simplest, most unpretentious, most unstudied travel-book of the year, and the most readable and pleasant. It has all the charm of familiar and friendly letters; such letters, alas! as no one writes nowadays. It is a book to read from cover to cover without a yawn, and it leaves one with some such sense of fresh air and wide horizons that the great out-of-doors books give us: *Lavengro* *Selborne*, *Walden*, *Pepacton*, etc.

Mrs. Wood settles herself and family, a mother, a sister-in-law, a nurse, two babies, a brother from college, and a brother's friend in a little chalet of the better type—"exactly like the toothpick boxes"—of a Frau Se-

cundärlehrer, about a mile and a half from the Grindelwald station on the road to the upper glacier. From here the whole family picnicked, and the four more vigorous members went off on walking-tours. Evidently economy was a factor in Mrs. Wood's outings and the accounts are frankly kept for our benefit. The walking-tours are not the conventional ones from great hotel to fashionable inn, but record careful bargaining at out-of-the-way stops; the roads are conscientiously dealt with, and who will take down a map and follow may get detailed information as to how to spend a delightful, happy, inexpensive summer walking through Switzerland. The jaunt down into Italy is described with particular vim and charm. It may be added that all the personalities who belonged to Mrs. Wood's party are of those healthy, buoyant, cultivated Americans whose simplicity, sincerity, and determination to know and enjoy the best of this world make them the most delightful traveling companions in the world. So many folk nowadays plume themselves upon pointing out and describing the new rich American horde overrunning Europe in the summer, and the old-fashioned Daisy Miller type who still seem to abound on the boats that run the length of Lake Geneva, one cannot be too grateful for an author who shows us the best type, the most truly successful and valuable type of American citizen.

VENICE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILIPPE MONNIER. By RICHARD G. BADGER. Boston: The Gorham Press, 1910.

There are so many questions the reviewer would enjoy putting to the publishers. One of these is why translations are never done by people who know English as well as the language from which they are translating. The present volume bears on the face of it proof that the translator, whose name is not given, was inadequately instructed in French and English. He is evidently at a loss for a translation of such words as "*L'Anonyme*," and prints it in the French as if it were a proper name; *chevaliers servants* again stands untranslated; also "*Checa la Pouine*," "*en gamberlugue*," "*devotées*," "*seigneur*," etc. Now and then the translator makes a literal translation from the French which is thoroughly funny in English, as: "Had I known you sooner what a lovely offspring had been mine"; "Ancilla receives President de Brosses, *disguised* as the Venus of Medici"; the children in the family "are called by their *short* names" for nicknames. The sense of many of the sentences is lost by the author's inability to turn the French structure into the English idiom. And surely a sense of humor is lacking in the translator who writes of "purpled senators." One wonders if the translator had any idea what he meant when he set down proper names such as Mezzetino, Truffaldino, without capitals, left the word *cyme* untranslated and wrote of a gallant sitting beneath a quincunx quite as if this were the name of a tree. The translator should be referred to Sir Thomas Browne's interesting treatise on the properties of the *Quincunxial Lozenge*. Again, *pantolon* is not an English word, nor is it English to translate a week and a fortnight, eight days and fifteen days, while "*Ange Gondar*" evidently should have been Angelo Goudar. While it was permissible for Philippe Monnier, writing in French of Italian things, to retain such words and phrases as *Ciocciari* and *cura-gattoli*, it